

quarried

by strannikov

a chosen cantaloupe a child let loose,
rolled it right down the ice cream-frozen aisle
for a strike: bounced off the back of a boot,
it toppled no pins and earned him no score.
I was the one who was wearing the boots,
in a cold Carrara quarry I'd once worn them
where marble was cut as cleanly as fruit
from the guts of that Tuscan earth yielding them both.
I thought of giving the child a good kick,
but I could not guess at the thickness of his hide,
he hid behind his mom, hugging her marble thighs.

